THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

December, 1801.

MRS. H. COWLEY.

[With a Portrait.]

A VERY prominent rank among the female votaries of Literature is due to the Lady whose portrait embellishes our present Number.

Mrs. H. Cowley appears, from the Dedication, to her father, of a Poem called *The Maid of Arragon*, to have been the daughter of Mr. Philip Parkhouse, a bookseller, of Tiverton, in Devonshire, who died about the month of August 1787; and is said to have been related, by her mother's side, to the family of the amiable poet Gay.

We do not know what year gave birth to our heroine; but about 1772 she became the wife of Mr. Cowley, who, we believe, at that time held a situation in the Stamp-office, but was afterwards engaged in the East India Company's service.

Her very first effort as a dramatic writer was a successful one; and *The Runaway* is in some degree remarkable, as having been the last Drama received by Mr. Garrick previous to his relinquishing the stage. It was honoured with an epilogue from his ready and pleasant pen: and from the following passages in her Dedication of the

Comedy to that celebrated character we gather that he had given some finishing touches to the Piece itself:

" Unpatronized by any *name*, I presented myself to you, obscure and unknown. You perceived dawnings in my Comedy, which you nourished and improved. With attention and solicitude, you embellished, and presented it to the world---*that* world which has emulated your generosity, and received it with an applause that fills my heart with most lively gratitude. I perceive how much of this applause I owe to my sex. *The Runaway* has a thousand faults, which, if written by a man, would have incurred the severest lash of Criticism---but the Gallantry of the English Nation is equal to its wisdom---they beheld a *woman* tracing with feeble steps the borders of the Parnassian mount---pitying her difficulties (for it is a thorny path), they gave their hands for her support, and placed her high above her level.

" All this, Sir, and whatever may be its consequences, I owe to you. Had you rejected me, when I presented my little *Runaway*, depressed by the refusal, and all confidence in myself destroyed, I should never have presumed to dip my pen again. It is now my task to convince you and the world, that a generous allowance for a young writer's faults, is the best encouragement to genius---'tis a kindly soil, in which weak groundlings are nourished, and from which the loftiest trees draw their strength and their beauty."

In the walks of the Drama, her range has been unconfined; Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, and Farce, having at different times flowed from her pen, and all with nearly equal *eclat*. Her dramatic pieces are as follow:

1. The Runaway, a Comedy, acted at Drury Lane 1776.
2. Who's the Dupe, a Farce, acted at Drury Lane 1779.
3. Albina, a Tragedy, acted at the Hay-market 1779.
4. The Belle's Stratagem, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1780. This had a run of upwards of twenty nights.
5. The School for Eloquence, an Interlude, acted at Drury Lane for Mr. Brereton's benefit 1780. Not printed.

6. The

6. The World as it Goes, or a Trip to Montpelier, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1781. This piece was unfavourably received, which occasioned its being altered, and again brought forward under the title of

7. Second Thoughts are Best, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1781. Neither of these pieces are published.

8. Which Is The Man? a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1782.

9. A Bold Stroke for a Husband, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1783.

10. More Ways than One, a Comedy, acted at Covent Garden 1783.

11. A School for Grey Beards, a Comedy, acted at Drury Lane 1786.

12. The Fate of Sparta, a Tragedy, acted at Drury Lane 1788.

13. A Day in Turkey, an Opera (tho' called a Comedy), acted at Covent Garden 1791.

14. The Town Before You, acted at Covent Garden 1794.

Besides the *Maid of Arragon*, a Poem, already mentioned, Mrs. Cowley has published *The Scottish Village*, a Poem; and within these few months she has successfully taken an Epic flight, and has immortalized *The Siege of Acre* in a Quarto Poem, the composition of which would not disgrace the first poetical pen of the present day.

The character of this Lady in domestic life, we are happy to say, is as amiable and exemplary, as her literary talents are admirable; and she is at once an honour to British literature and the female sex. J.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLI.

WOMEN in general are so partial to their own sex, that not only the foibles but the crimes of a female almost always find either a defender or an apologist

in some tea-table gossip, who would think it derogatory to her own honour, if she did not transfer the blame from a sister to a brother. This censure for partiality, however, must be limited, and this proneness to advocate the cause of the accused must depend on the nature of the imputation. None are more uncharitable than the ladies, when they hear a beauty toasted, good humour commended, or when they can find a flaw in the character of another. In these cases, jealousy seems to prevail over every other consideration, and they think it an impeachment of their own fair form, amiableness of disposition, or purity of conduct, not to contradict and expose.

But where a wife is accused of intolerable ill temper, a daughter of undutifulness, or a mother of neglect; the husband, the parents, and the children, are sure to be loaded with obloquy, instead of being pitied as they deserve, in almost every female society: the real criminal is acquitted, and the whole blame thrown on the innocent, and, therefore, unsuspecting. Does a husband wish to bound a wife's extravagance, or to urge her to an attention to domestic duties, he is immediately branded as a churl or a tyrant; he is considered as a being doomed to labour without intermission, and without thanks. It is his duty, without assuming any merit on this score, to provide for his family; and, according to the maxims of female logic, he has no right to expect assistance from his partner, or even to controul her when she is counteracting his best and most earnest endeavours.

But I am diverging from the subject I intended to handle in this paper, though, in some measure, I have already proved the position I mean to defend. I have asserted the prevailing partiality of one female for another, even in defiance of reason and justice; but at the same time I am anxious to shew, that I, for one, am exempt from this mean and illiberal prejudice. With the warmest zeal to set the virtues of my sex in their fairest light, and to look with candour on their unintentional errors, I am not so

blind

blind as to think them deserving of all praise, or free from just censure in many parts of their behaviour.

The frivolity of female conversation has often disgusted me as much as I am sure it always does the sensible of the other sex. The tittle-tattle of tea-tables, the whispered scandal, the petty details of dress, balls, weddings, christenings, and airings, I may, and often have been obliged to, hear with patience, but never with pleasure. The great or the little vulgar to me are the same: when the fashionable belle shews, by every word, that she does not possess a thinking mind, and that she has scarcely an idea beyond the routine of common compliments, I pity her amidst all the glitter with which she is surrounded, and the prostituted adulation that is paid to her rank, fortune, or person. In lower life, affectation, mixed with ignorance, frequently prevails; and when circumstances or situation has denied the advantages of education, some excuse may be made for want of knowledge; and prudence should teach silence and modesty: we should, from benevolent motives, be induced to bear with what we cannot approve. To be too fastidious, neither shews wisdom nor goodness; yet it has ever been grateful to me to find beauty set off by good sense, and to hear female conversation directed to objects worthy of rational beings. Did women exert themselves to become agreeable companions, their natural vivacity, assisted by their charms, would irresistibly win the attention of sensible men. That there are females who despise the general insipidity of their sex, the subsequent narrative will evince.

It was my felicity, lately, to spend an evening with three young ladies, less distinguished for the various excellent gifts of nature and fortune, than for the elegant endowments of the mind. I shall call them Eudosia, Aspasia, and Clio: an amicable dispute was started,---from which of the allied arts, painting, music, or poetry, most innocent pleasure was derived; and though they all were proficients

in each, they individually took different sides in the question, in order to exercise ingenuity, and elicit truth.

Eudosia supported painting in nearly the following words—"By the aid of this charming art, friends or relatives may possess portraits of each other, as a memorial of affection when absence has separated them, or death interposed. The pencil likewise brings to our view distant objects, or exhibits the likeness of distinguished persons: it assists, farther, to perpetuate the noble exploits of our ancestors, as well as the glorious achievements of our present heroes: painting also serves to employ those hours innocently and agreeably, which otherwise might have been spent in tedious indolence or worthless pursuits. And, to sum up the whole, it improves the taste, charms the fancy, and meliorates the heart.

> Hail! ye great artists, whose enchanting skill
> Can mould the passions, and controul the will:
> Not to the eye your labours are addrest,
> They boast an influence o'er the ductile breast,
> For, while entranc'd, each happy touch we view...
> The moral sense becomes reform'd by you:
> Beauty and order, harmony and ease,
> Unite to polish, as they tend to please."
>
> BLENHEIM, A POEM.

Aspasia, no mean proficient in music herself, paid her homage to this divine art in these terms——"I admit, my dear Eudosia, of the truth of what you have said in favour of painting, but what are its effects compared with those of music! This enchanting science is at all times felt: when weary from the toils of life, or disturbed with any uneasiness of mind, its soothing qualities are immediately confessed. It softens the fiery passions, tranquillizes the agitations of the breast, and throws us into a pleasing melancholy; it makes us, for a time, forget our sorrows---even forget we are mortal; and wakes the most rapturous sensations: it gives a momentary relief to the throbs of pain, or rather draws off our attention from present sufferings,

ferings. In short, it is the solace of woe, and the innocent promoter of happiness.'

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."

POPE.

"I allow," said Clio, "that you have defended your favourite art with abundant animation; but must you not both allow Poetry, which I mean to support, to be preferable to her rival sisters, since you have borrowed her aid to enforce their rights? Poetry," continued she, "is as universal as Nature is various. It not only cultivates the understanding, but it purifies the taste, and refines the heart; it heightens the felicity of the happy, and in a sovereign degree alleviates the misfortunes of its votaries. It is adapted to all times and seasons; it lifts the mortal above this sublunary sphere; it speaks in a language that thrills through the heart: it is the glorious meed of desert, and of itself is a sufficient reward to balance the injuries of fortune.

---------- The favour'd bard,
Who, nobly conscious of his just reward,
With loftier soul, and undecaying might,
Paints what he feels in characters of light.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
To him the powers of harmony resort,
And, as he stands with high commanding port,
Scans all th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound.
------ the realms on high
For him disclose their varied majesty;
He feels the call; then, bold beyond controul,
Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of his soul.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Such is the poet, such his claim divine!

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

"If

"If such are the privileges of the bard, and if he can thus feel, and make others feel with him, it shews to what sublime height poetry can soar beyond the flight of either painting or music, though both of inestimable value. Painting, indeed, only pleases while we behold it; music only charms while we hear it; but poetry not only delights while under the eye, but leaves a lasting impression on the mind; and the heart that has a genuine taste for its beauties, will always be open to the softest calls of humanity, and feel an elevation that nothing else can give."

I listened with attention to this interesting and agreeable debate, and had the pleasure to find that no one of the Fair pleaders was pertinaciously addicted to the opinion she had delivered, but that all joined with me in giving the palm to poetry, and in requesting Clio to fill up the remainder of the evening, by reading part of that natural and fascinating production The Farmer's Boy.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XVI.

Discite justitiam moniti.

VIRGIL.

Since pulpits fail, and sounding boards reflect
Most part, an empty ineffectual sound,
What chance that We, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crush the satiric throng?.....

TO THE INSPECTOR.

SIR,

I AM downright in a passion, and therefore must break out.—At the commencement of your undertaking, you flattered our hopes that we should gradually see vice shrink to her hiding-place, futility be extirpated, and irreligion rapidly

rapidly decrease. Now, pray, Sir, which of these points have you effected? Do not the most flagitious breaches of decorum obtrude themselves on our notice? Are we less futile than heretofore? or does the sacred roof spread her canopy over a greater number of attendants on divine service? I answer no! I feel, with an honest indignation, the effects of your pusillanimity: you possess the means of enforcing virtue and religion, but you have suffered the sword of justice to blunt in your hand; the keenness of its edge is gone, and, instead of cutting to the quick, only serves to provoke the irascibility of your opponents, and who are also the opponents of virtue. I repeat it, you are able to strike terror into the breast of Folly, to bring back the gay coquette to the paths of virtue. Consider, then, the importance of the department you have undertaken to fulfil: the exuberances of vice are not shattered, but fostered, by a breeze; to decapitate them requires the force of Bellona. Let me tell you, then, that your hopes of conquering by love are groundless, and that nothing less than the most poignant satire can be effectual. But, alas! an institution from which we had a right to hope every thing secures us nothing.

---------- Silvis ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.

HORACE.

LUCILIUS.

Stockton, Oct. 1801.

Mr. Touchy congratulates his passionate correspondent on the beautiful and appropriate quotation from Horace. Will saying, *apply it home* content him? if not, perhaps Persius may palliate his resentment.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit et admissus circumpræcordia ludit.

SAT. 1.

Our

Our stock of Correspondents, and Candidates for admission to the Inspection Society, increases so fast, that some regulations are necessary to be made public. We therefore, through the medium of the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM, inform all whom it may in anywise concern, that the President of the Inspection Society does not feel obliged to state the particular grounds of his objection to the admission of any person or persons. If they seem fit objects, they will be admitted *sans ceremonie*; if not, he will be silent, as it is easier to excite resentment than conciliate affection: this we hope may be accepted as a general apology for not noticing the favours of so many of our correspondents. The following, however, we think of too interesting a nature to be withheld.

"CONNUBIAL felicity and infelicity are topics on which most essayists spend a portion of their time and attention: some writers assure us, that the highest state of temporal happiness consists in the union of two hearts impressed with every tie of reciprocal affection; and that the greatest degree of bliss which man is capable of enjoying is centered in the person of an amiable partner. While others again, who (perhaps envious of that felicity which others seem to enjoy) contemplate the shades of the picture, declare that marriage is the very bane of happiness. Their arguments are founded on a lemma by no means general, viz. that the husband is taught to expect a subordinate condescension in the wife, who, on the other hand, supposes the husband ought still to be the ostensible courtier of their mutual happiness, and that a predominancy is inconsistent with that ardent affection he so repeatedly avowed and manifested: thus the advocates of celibacy carry the point, and aver, that they who erst only lived *for each other*, now live only to *survive each other*. Were such a representation fairly characteristic of the effects of marriage, it were truly deplorable that such an institution should still exist. But the reverse is the fact; the *summum bonum*

bonum of happiness does not consist in celibacy: matrimony is that appropriate union of the sexes, which, when discreetly formed, leads to the highest goal of human bliss. Love, the first ruling principle of the mind, or one of the primary affections, is a constituent which forms the most pleasing images that fancy can picture in the mind: thus it has been defined "an universal and permanent attachment to well-being, or happiness." When, therefore, this affection, or perhaps passion, of love, is excited by the contemplation of female perfections, the want of something to be kind to, the wild impulse of a lawless imagination, if not under the influence of a religious regard for the rites of Hymen, leads a youth to cast his wicked eye over the field of beauties, and select the fated victims for his pleasure---the fairest flowers for destruction, for beggary, and shame. Such were the effects of the laws which the Egyptian monastics enjoined when these injunctions were laid upon their pupils; first, "That their bosoms should remain unagitated by love; that female beauty, in its fairest form, should be incapable of exciting in their hearts the least sensation, &c. &c. &c." And such are the effects of a contempt of the ordinances of the Almighty; but the youth who applies those affections rationally, whose mind is not vitiated by the love of gallantry, of tasteless variety, and who loves with a virtuous flame, he, and he alone, receives with a pure relish an ecstatic and refined sensation, those ineffably sweet emotions, which turn the soul to rapture. His marriage is blest with a perpetual flow of joy and felicity, which nor the gusts of fortune, losses, or disappointments, are able to shake; they only, if I may be permitted the expression, induce the soul to cling closer to that unfailing source of pleasure. In the happier moments of prosperity, mutual confidence improves the bliss, and in the peevish ones of adversity we enjoy no small consolation from the safe depository of every finer feeling---the bosom of a wife. When thus the happy knot is tied between two kindred souls, the happiest consequences ensue; each endeavour to soften the other's couch; the husband delights to present the wife with whatever she takes pleasure in, and

and she in return prepares the choicest viands for him; and when he enters his abode she welcomes him with the smile of approbation and joy---they are happy!

H. E.

London, Nov. 1801.

IMPORTANCE OF A PIN.

[From the French.]

OUR neighbours, the English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, are (or at least were) the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year (24,000 livres tournois) for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days when *pin-money* was first introduced, the English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins has decreased, and in exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. At Paris, certainly, a husband will not be ruined by the expense of pins! Now-a-days, an *elegante* makes almost as little use of a pin as of a needle!

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, to whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin! Take out that solitary pin, which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe; take out that pin, and the loves and desires which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing; the illusion vanishes: pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah! Madam, learn to conceal with grace; and remember, that your charms soon lose their power when you display their utmost force.

FREDRICA.

FREDRICA: A ROMANCE.

LETTER TO ANNA ULRICA WURMSUR.

[Concluded from p. 305.]

MY guide led me, without the least hesitation, into the chamber of the Baron, who was supported by pillows in his bed, and appeared scarcely to have the remains of life: he held out his feeble emaciated hand to me as I approached. The Baroness was kneeling at the foot of the bed, almost suffocated with tears, while a slight delicate-looking young woman seemed vainly endeavouring to console and comfort her: on the other side of the bed stood Fernando, pale and speechless, reclining his head upon the shoulder of a graceful middle-aged man, who no sooner beheld me, than he rushed forward, and, clasping me in his arms, exclaimed:----

"Welcome once more to my arms, my dearest daughter! Our separation has been long, and full of trouble to us both:---oh! Fredrica, never may we part again!"

"My father!" cried I, shrinking back. "Ah! no---this is some new deception: my father is dead."

"Only supposed to be so," said the Baroness, rising. "Fredrica, you have much to forgive; a partial explanation would be fruitless. A few hours more, and all will be developed."

"Yes," said the Baron, exerting himself to rise, "my confession must preclude all others; yet there is one person wanted to receive my last resignation."

"That one is here," said my guide. Advancing to the bed-side, he took off his mask, and I beheld Francisco de L'Estrange! All seemed to understand the secret but myself: I shrieked with astonishment and terror.

"Francisco," cried the Baron, "I here acknowledge you the rightful heir to this estate, and true Marquis di Attena, defrauded of your rights by the most nefarious

villany: but I cannot speak. Father Stephano has taken down notes of all the particular transactions, the perusal of which will explain all: grant me but your forgiveness, and I shall die in peace. For you, unhappy children," continued he, turning to Fernando and me, "I most sincerely grieve; yet I feel assured that Heaven will inspire your innocent minds with that fortitude and composure, which even I, a repentant sinner, now feel!---This trial-----."

"Ah! Baron," cried I, interrupting him, "do you call the loss of fortune a trial of such importance?---think you that can make any difference?---Fernando----"

"Is your brother," exclaimed the Baroness, hiding her face with agony. I should have fallen to the ground, but for the supporting arms of my father.

"Fredrica," said he, in a solemn tone, "you are now called upon to act with caution and reflection, no longer as the child of romance: you have been, by a twelve-months residence in religious seclusion, in a great measure prepared for this event: do not embitter the remainder of my days by the wilful aggravation of evils incurred by early imprudence. Fernando has strength of mind enough to overcome a passion he once indulged to excess; he will do more---he will secure his heart from wandering, by fixing it on one whom it will be a merit, not a crime, to love."

These words awakened me as if from a long-troubled dream. I kissed his hand in speechless emotion.

"Forgive me, dear father! Give me a short time for reflection," exclaimed I, after a flood of tears had eased the fulness of my soul.

"Retire, child," said the Count, putting into my hand a paper: "peruse this at your leisure---then join me in my library: but, first, let me introduce you to the Countess du Verdere, who, I hope, will soon be proud to call you daughter."

The Countess saluted me with a smile of tenderness, and accompanied me to the door of my dressing-room, where poor

poor Lisette waited me in extreme perturbation: she had so many things to tell me, that she made herself unintelligible by her haste; and I dismissed her, to gratify my impatience for the perusal of the memorials made by the Count du Verdere, the Baron and Baroness St. Amere, and the Marquis di Attena; from which, for the sake of perspicuity, I have made a brief extract.

MEMORIAL.

"CLARA MONTALBANE was the youngest daughter of a gentleman, who, having married contrary to the wishes of his family, had been debarred from all the advantages of birth and fortune; yet his wife was amiable, his children lovely, and he felt content with an humble patrimony. It was during their seclusion at Sens that Clara accidentally formed an intimacy with the eldest son of the Count du Verdere: she was lively, susceptible, and ingenuous; he dissipated as most of his age and sex. The obscurity in which she lived precluded in his mind every idea of marriage; and he no sooner discovered her attachment, than he determined not to lose his chance of success. Various private interviews took place: neither were aware of the consequences likely to result from the intimacy; and, though the Chevalier had no premeditated idea of seduction, the artless blandishments of Clara, and her unsuspecting confidence, misled him into an error which he never after ceased to deplore. By the desire of his friends he went into the army, and, though their separation was afflicting to both, the hope of a speedy return calmed their inquietude. During his absence, Clara's elder sister made a conquest of such importance as soon restored them to the notice of Montalbane's father, who, under the idea of beholding his grand-daughter Marchioness di Attena, received them into favour. This was a death-stroke to Clara, who now saw a prospect the most dreadful before her: her situation was alarming, and such as she could not long

conceal, yet dared not to avow. Her lover had lately been less punctual in writing, and application to his friends would, she well knew, be useless. During this alarming suspense, the Baron St. Amere, friend to the Marquis, came on a visit; he saw and admired Clara, and requested her hand: tears, expostulations, were vain:---her friends were urgent, and nothing short of an open confession could save her. Piqued by the neglect of her lover, and dreading an exposure which must load her with shame and ignominy, in a state of desperation, Clara consented to the wishes of her friends, and became the wife of St. Amere. From that hour happiness was for ever flown---a temporary gaiety was substituted in its stead; but the idea of the imposition she was practising stung her soul with remorse. During the absence of the Baron upon business, Fernando was born; and the Baroness only, by the most skilful management, escaped undetected: the secret rested in her own bosom, and so long it was safe. Some time after the birth of his supposed son, the Baron took his lady to Court, where the first object she beheld was her lover, then being presented on his accession to his title.---Their mutual confusion was too great to escape the notice of the Baron, who, though he suspected there was some degree of attachment subsisting between them, had no idea how much he was the dupe: from that time they met frequently in public; but the Baroness persisted in keeping her own secret, and the marriage of the Count soon after confirmed her in that determination."

The memorial then gave a minute account of the union of the Marquis di Attena, and the death of the Marquis, and subsequent events, as related by Fernando in the pavilion. The next paper was the Memorial of Francisco de L'Estrange.

"MAURICE LABARRE, a venerable goatherd, residing in a small hut on the borders of the forest di Attena, was returning home late in the evening of a summer's day, when he

he was arrested on his way by a cry of distress; he looked round, but no object was visible except the mouldering columns of a ruined part of the Castle, once called the Pavilion: it was the eve of St. Sebastian, and the good old man with fervour invoked his patron Saint to preserve him from danger. After remaining some time in alarming suspense, without any repetition of the sound, he proceeded along, first marking the situation of the place: he had not been long seated within his hut, when he heard footsteps fast approaching, and in a few moments some one rapped loudly at the door. Maurice opened it in trepidation, and a Cavalier appeared, whose looks bespoke him of a sort likely to augment the good peasant's alarm.

'Old man,' said the Cavalier, seating himself, 'what does your larder afford? I want something to eat and drink; and, when you have produced that I want, I will tell you a strange story.'

"He then threw back his cloak, and discovered an infant whose clothes were stained with blood, and his head bound with a silk handkerchief. Maurice feared for the life of the child, but the Cavalier said-----

'He believed the wound was not dangerous; at any rate, it must take its chance. My story must be a short one,' continued he. 'My dress has, without doubt, announced to you my profession: I was employed by a nobleman to remove this living obstacle to his ambitious views; in fact, I was to assassinate the nurse and child while taking the air. In pursuance of my orders, the woman was dispatched, but the child fell from her arms. The cries of the innocent wretch shocked me---for I am a father! and I hoped to save its life. The contusion you perceive in its forehead was received in the fall: take you the charge of it. Here are some letters which I found in the woman's pocket; and here is the purse I received in compensation for my trouble, to pay for your charge's maintenance, should it live; if not, bury him, and say no more about the business.'

"The man then hurried away, leaving Maurice overwhelmed with astonishment; yet he took every possible care of the child, who lived to repay his care by grateful exertions. I was that child, and my days passed in blissful ignorance till that which introduced me to the Baroness St. Amere. When I related the incident to my venerable guardian, it opened in his mind a new train of ideas: he had no doubt that I was the heir to this Castle and estates, and determined, if possible, to discover the particular circumstances by which I had been so cruelly debarred the privileges of my birth. For this purpose, he made as many excursions to the Castle as his weak limbs would admit, and soon learned enough of the family secrets to confirm his surmises. It was on this account he urged me to accept the offer of the Baroness to attend her son; and though, when he related to me all these particulars, my pride revolted against the servile state I must appear in, the impression which the infantile charms of Fredrica had made on my mind induced me to wish to be near her, under any circumstances.

'Wait, my child,' would the aged Maurice often say to me, when I repined at the cloud of obscurity in which I was enveloped; 'wait patiently the wonder-working hand of Providence. The triumphs of guilt are short: you are young; and an imprudent disclosure of this important secret may be attended with evils of greater magnitude than those we now suffer.'

"I followed his advice; but my increasing passion for Fredrica rendered it a task of some difficulty, and nothing but my love and gratitude to my benefactors restrained my tongue. My scheme of introducing myself at the masque was surely an honest one: the ring I presented to Fredrica was one which Maurice found in the purse given him by the man who brought me to his hut; and the effect it had upon the Baron confirmed me in the belief that he was the principal in that transaction: yet more positive proofs were wanting, which time might produce; nor could I think of involving

involving Fredrica in the general distress; no!---rather would I have quitted the Castle for ever, and remained in perpetual obscurity. This I assured the Baroness, when, ignorant of my real pretensions, she requested my assistance to play upon the feelings of Fredrica and St Amere; she was confounded at what I communicated, yet promised to be my friend. All who read this may now easily account for the mysterious note which I pinned in the dark to the dress of Fredrica: need I say, I cherished a secret hope as soon as I found her intercepted on my account? The Baroness assured me solemnly she could never be united to Fernando: the rest remains for her to explain."

I had scarcely finished the perusal of these papers, when Lisette rushed breathless into the room.

"Oh! Madame, the Baroness is dying!---For mercy's sake, come!"

I followed her in the most extreme perturbation to the Baron's apartment, and found Madame bleeding at the side of the Baron's bed: in a few moments the whole family were assembled, for she had requested to be left alone with the Baron during his last moments. As soon as the blood was stopped, and she was raised into an arm-chair, she beckoned me to her.

"Fredrica," said she, "I have but a few moments to live---hear my last words:---In me you see the dreadful effects of early imprudence. From the hour of my first disgrace, my life has been a scene of dissimulation and artifice; my sufferings, though great, have been an insufficient punishment, and my exertions to preserve my secret have involved me in guilt and perdition. I did not dare let your letters pass to your father, on account of the disclosure of your affection for Fernando, as I well knew it would be impossible for me to make any excuse to him for my disapprobation, short of the real one; I therefore availed myself of his temporary illness to let you believe him dead: I have never ceased to love him during a period of twenty years."

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The Baroness grew very faint: she was laid on a bed, but still persisted in speaking.

"I forged letters to the Count, as if for you: your detention at the Convent by Francisco was by my order, with a view to separate you for ever from Fernando, since, notwithstanding every obstacle, you still persisted in cherishing your attachment to him. I soon heard from the Count that he had married a young English woman of fortune, and was coming to fetch you to England: distracted, despairing, for I had long cherished a secret hope of being united to my first love, I resolved to terminate a life of guilt and misery; but, first, that ample justice might be rendered to every one, I administered to the Baron a dose of poison, that the pangs of death might draw from him a confession which no other power could effect. I feel the enormity of my crime, and humbly acknowledge, that virtuous intention is not sufficient to justify an impious act."

The Baroness sunk back on the bed; Francisco tried to support her: she fixed her eyes upon him, and, drawing my hand to her lips, kissed it with fervour---then put it within Francisco's, and, with a deep groan, expired!

What a scene of horror and distress did the Castle then exhibit! Francisco was soon declared the master and Marquis di Attena: need I say, he immediately urged the dying request of the Baroness?---my father, too, pleaded for him, and I consented; for, if my heart ever felt a preference, exclusive of Fernando, he was the object. Fernando immediately wrote to you; excuse me, dear Anna!---this is a delicate subject: suffice it, your exalted attachment to me did not lessen him in your estimation for having loved me; and you accepted his proposals in the full conviction that he now brings you an undivided heart. Our strange adventures are thus brought to a conclusion: after the interment of the Baron and Baroness, the Marquis will accompany me to England. Fernando will be with you early in the ensuing month: receive him kindly, I charge you; and believe that Providence has yet much happiness

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in store for us all: for my own part, I place such firm dependence upon the superior direction of our sublunary affairs, that I shall no more repine at temporary ills, but wait patiently for the elucidation of that great mystery which shall restore all to harmony and order.

FREDRICA.

THE MARRIAGES OF ROSINE.

[Anecdote from the French, by the Count de Rosieres.]

[Concluded from p. 335.]

ONE evening, at a supper, chance placed Rosine near one of those superannuated and contemptible women, who, being no longer the altars of vice, search still for victims for it. For a long time she had thought to be revenged of Rosine, who had never cared to associate with her; on the contrary, had refused many parties where she had wished to meet her: her penetration soon discovered the uneasiness which preyed upon her mind, and wished to give a final stroke to it; and, alas! that was but too easy to accomplish.

"Why," said she, "with your youth and beauty, are you so long the dupe of your sentiments? Every body, you excepted, know M. d'Hericourt: were you an angel, you would not fix him. He is now attached to a woman of the Court, distinguished by her rank and credit; they certainly are familiar together, and they care little about the publicity of the connexion, for their rendezvous are well known: the whole neighbourhood may be easily acquainted with the day and the hours."

Happily for Rosine, she got up from table at this moment, and went out of the room, wandering, with a heart bitterly oppressed. She feigned indisposition, ordered her carriage, and drove home: arrived there, she at first could but sigh on the hardness of her fate. After passing some time

time in sobs, she went to her husband's apartment. Four in the morning came, and he did not return:---what a shock! He forgot, in the arms of another, his duties, his fidelity.---I can no longer describe the distracted imagination of Rosine. Lost in the abyss of despair, oppression and fatigue at last quite overcame her: she fell upon her bed; and sleep, for some moments, gave a respite to her sorrows. D'Hericourt was assuredly at the Duchess's, but that night had not wronged his wife.

Indisposition accompanied with fever during the whole of the night continued with him until morning. He ordered himself to be removed home. Rosine, awakened by the noise of the people and the carriage, saw her husband enter, pale, half dead, and scarcely able to support himself. Judge of the situation of both!---it was not a time for reproach, but of succour.

The sensible Rosine forgot, from this moment, all her cause of complaint; the small pox soon appeared, and the symptoms became alarming: d'Hericourt himself felt that his general constitution could not support that cruel malady. Arrived at that crisis when Truth appears in all its brightness, in which all the pleasures of this world appear but as vain phantoms, remorse, with all its horrors, assailed him on every side; the image of God, the avenger of the innocence of so many women devoted to shame and misery, tormented his final moments: he could no longer support the idea of having deceived so respectable a wife. The Chevalier's heart was not naturally corrupt: vanity, bad advice and example, had foolishly led him astray. His true character appeared in his last moments: he desired his wife to be called, who, falling into tears, dragged herself along to the foot of his bed. He made a general confession of his errors, beseeched her to grant him her pardon, assured her he had need of it to appear before so awful a Tribunal: he regretted but her in the world, although he had never acted worthy of her. The pardon of d'Hericourt was sealed by the sobs of Rosine: she saw his malady

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lady without remedy---her husband was expiring in her arms!

"Alas!" said she, "was not Heaven inexorable, perhaps his situation, his repentance, might have weaned him from his errors!---he might have been, but for her----."

Vain illusions! after struggling against the agonizing pains of death, she saw him resign his breath!

Soon after performing for him the last sad offices of kindness, she shut herself up in the apartment he had occupied, and was during a whole year inaccessible to every comforter. Her good mother, in whose bosom she had never ceased unfolding her secrets, came to visit her every day; but she began to fear, with reason, that secluding herself for so long a time might injure her daughter's health: her tenderness for her made her exert her authority to draw her out of it, and Madame d'Hericourt appeared again in the world.

She had had sufficient leisure to make many useful reflections on her destiny; she felt that love alone had been the cause of her misfortunes; that repose was only to be found in avoiding the rocks of this dangerous passion: with this view, she promised herself cautiously to avoid, for the future, every serious proposal. She had no children by d'Hericourt; her relations persuaded her to enter into new engagements, the state of widowhood not being pleasant without being a mother. If Rosine declared against love, she still thought herself capable of inspiring this sentiment---was it not natural?

For six months she had coldly received the homage of many; and the young Marquis d'Olban appeared to her the most persevering, and the least repulsed by her severity. To shorten my history, I will say, that Madame d'Hericourt changed her name for that of the Marchioness d'Olban; and her second marriage, precisely the reverse of the first, was not, consequently, more happy.

Rosine---become more gay than ever---gave umbrage to her new and inexperienced husband: she replied to his hasti-

ness

ness with spirit, and followed the dictates of her conscience, that reproached her with nothing, which irritated to excess the fiery temper of d'Olban. Every day was marked by strange passions; a gloomy jealousy fermented his bile: he insisted that she should renounce, on his account, her friends---her parties of pleasure.

Thus did Rosine become unhappy by the very sentiments she had inspired, as, in the first instance, for the contrary reason. Her fate was singular, and gave her cause of reflecting on the strangeness of her fortune. To carry his tyranny still higher, her husband, whose duty called him to the army, informed her, that, not being able to follow him, she must decide upon a convent, to dwell there during his absence; that, having no children, and her mother being no longer at Paris, a woman could not ramble, isolated, into fashionable life. D'Olban, in announcing to her this new mortification, did not care to hide from her his apparent jealousy. Without remorse, he drove to despair the heart of his wife; and, after having seen her take possession of an apartment among the sisters of ———, he scrupulously shut up his own house, quitted her, devoured with gnawing cares, and without dissembling to make her hated by the hard treatment he made her suffer; yet, nevertheless, unable to conduct himself otherwise, carried away as he was by the frenzy of his passion.

But the hazard of war put an end to the captivity of the Marchioness d'Olban; her untractable husband was killed in fighting for his country: behold her, then, a second time, a widow, and in possession of all her rights.

Shall Rosine again take a husband?---why not?---she was but twenty-five years of age, and her experience forbade intrigues. She exposed herself, then, to the chance of a third marriage; and she chose a man fifteen years older than herself, and who enjoyed the merited reputation of being agreeable, benevolent, and sensible; in short, a kind of philosopher: she did not feel a decided attachment for him,

him, nor was he, on his side, violently smitten, which was precisely what caused the happiness of both.

Confidence increased between them; a tender friendship insensibly drew the marriage bonds more and more tight; and children, after which they sighed, completed their felicity.

Thus Rosine, after having suffered two severe trials, was, by persevering, rewarded for her sufferings. She knew the true light in which marriage ought to be considered, by presenting ourselves at the altar without passions, without violent inclinations; for disgust will sooner or later make us pay dear for such short-lived illusions. It is sufficient to have no repugnance or dislike: should your characters not sympathize, you live, at least, without strife and afflicting one another; and if analogy be found, there friendship will soon join the party, and make you often taste its consoling powers; which I think preferable to love, because it has all the enjoyments of that passion, without its blindness.

J. T.

Strand, Oct. 1801.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

A VARIETY of letters have been addressed to the Editors of the different periodical publications on the prevalence of the fashionable vice of Criminal Conversation, and it may appear somewhat presumptuous in me to increase the number; but as it is my opinion that those writers have treated the subject with more levity than the nature of it requires, and have rather taken occasion to amuse their readers by a display of their wit, than by serious admonition to prevent the repetition of the crime, I shall not let that consideration deter me from offering my sentiments. I certainly blame these writers, as there seems to be a kind of

plan in their essays to create laughter, and to lead the attention from the heinousness of the offence to the ridicule which attaches to the offenders, or to the innocent sufferers. Even from the words which are placed at the head of every essay on this subject, it is perceptible that it is not the intention of the writer to alarm the feelings of the reader. The convenient abbreviation, *crim. con.* does not bring to the mind any serious ideas, nor lead to any proper reflection; it is rather viewed as an index to the place where the most amusing matter is to be found, and is the first thing which catches the eyes of our modern fine ladies, when they condescend to run over the columns of a newspaper; whereas if the words Criminal Conversation were written at full length, and in large characters, it would require firmer nerves than the generality of those ladies possess to induce them to enter on the perusal; and I cannot but consider that it would be better they should be kept in total ignorance of these occurrences, than receive information in the manner they are accustomed to do.*

It has been recommended by great authority, and with some shew of reason, that every thing addressed to the higher ranks of society should be written in a polite style, and be perfectly free from harsh or censorious expressions; that is, it should be the endeavour of the writer to correct their errors by persuasion rather than by threatening, as, in the one case, they will be likely to consider his arguments with attention, and may probably be thereby induced to act more cautiously in their future conduct; but, in the other, they will be offended at the writer's boldness and presumption; and, although his observations should be more

* The only *Newspaper*, perhaps, that can be named as being uniformly attentive to the decencies of private life, and whose pages our youthful sisters and daughters may be unrestrictedly suffered to peruse without danger to their morals, or offence to their modesty, is *The General Evening Post*, which has for many years maintained unsullied its purity in this important point.

pertinent

pertinent than those of the former, yet they will be passed over without regard, as dictated by envy and moroseness of disposition. I confess that I do not much favour this affectation of politeness, nor do I think it proper in the present state of society. To cure a slight wound, the skilful surgeon will make use of lenient methods---he will apply the tincture and the salve; but when the wound is become rankled, and there is danger that it may affect the constitution, he is obliged to employ the lancet and the knife, and to cut out the infected part, so that the health of the patient may be restored to its original purity: to make use of slight remedies in the latter case would be only to tamper with the disease, and, for a little present relief, to hazard the life of the patient: the wound, being only healed in appearance, would soon break out with more dangerous symptoms, and spread its baleful effects over the whole frame. It appears to me, that the method recommended by these moderate persons would have this tendency; and I therefore think that the errors of the fashionable world (which are so much the more important and dangerous, as, from the influence of those who commit them, they are likely to be very extensive in their consequences, and, like a burning flame in the wild deserts of Arabia, spread with such overbearing fury as to consume, in their progress, all the virtue of a country) should be pointed out in the strongest language, and with the severest animadversions; at the same time, all appearance of scurrility should be carefully avoided.

In pursuance of these ideas, I had intended to particularize some of the numerous evils which the criminal intercourse alluded to in this letter causes to the persons committing them, that they might, in some measure, operate as a warning to the Fair Readers of your Publication; but they arise so strongly in my mind, that I can scarcely find language to express the extent of my feelings. The consequences attending a discovery of a transaction of this nature are so obvious, and well known to every one, that

one cannot suppress astonishment that instances of it should so often occur; and that the parties, apparently feeling neither shame nor dread of punishment, should carry on their intrigues so openly, as almost to force the attention of our courts of justice towards them. There is no way of accounting for such notorious circumstances, but from that perverted taste which has been so prevalent in these latter times, of endeavouring to reconcile to the world, by boldness and effrontery, those things which for ages have been considered as detestable and base; and, from the common method of excusing every error of this kind, by attributing the cause of it to a kind of morbid and foolish sensibility, which has lately gained considerable ground in this country. We must not, however, give the whole credit of this half-accomplished revolution to the fashionable world: to do them justice, although they are sufficiently ready to follow any plan which brighter geniusses may point out, they seldom give themselves the trouble, or stretch their imaginations farther than, to invent new modes of dress, or easy ways to spend their fortunes. Modern philosophy, which, it has been justly observed, has condescended to assume every appearance that could in the least aid its views, and left no avenue unoccupied by which its doctrines could be spread, must claim a full share in the attempt. Its professors, who some few years since possessed full and uncontroled power over the minds of the leading people in a neighbouring country, did not let that happy period pass away without having profited by the advantage. A system more liberal and engaging to the eye, and which no art was spared to set off in the most favourable colours, from that time prevailed amongst them, and has from thence been transplanted to this island; by which all the prejudices of our ancestors, their love of decency, their respect for appearance, and their veneration for religion, have been entirely done away; and, instead of them, the very reverse, together with false delicacy, and that sickly exotic, sensibility, have borne the sway.

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But to return from this digression, which, however, cannot be considered inapplicable, and to come to the subject more immediately in hand, let us take a short view of the consequences which almost infallibly happen to the unhappy female who so far loses sight of her interest and duty, as to be guilty of the crime of adultery. On her falls the chief part of the punishment for the offence; and from a situation where she may have been treated with respect, and viewed with envy and admiration, she at once falls, like a bright star, to rise to more, almost into the extreme depth of human misery. To a woman possessed of the least share of feeling, how poignant must be the agony to see herself deserted, and looked on with contempt by those who formerly would have thought it an honour to be admitted into her presence; pitied and condemned by her relatives and friends, and for ever deprived of mixing amongst those in her natural sphere! If she is admitted at all into the company of females, it is amongst those only whose characters are at best doubtful, and who, having themselves lost all sense of decency and shame, are pleased to see another on an equality with them. When she looks back to the days of her innocence, and perceives the different fate of her then intimate companions; sees them respected by their friends, happy in the enjoyment of connubial bliss, and in the society of their children, beloved and esteemed by all; and it occurs that such might have been her own situation, had she possessed common prudence,---feelings, to which no pen can do justice, must pervade her mind. She has none of that consolation which the unhappy sometimes feel, in having done every thing in their power to ward off the evils which oppress them. Added to her other pains, comes self-reproach, and conscience which never rests: there is no doubt that, to a mind not quite grown "callous to all honourable feeling, and lost to all noble sentiment," this kind of recurrence must often happen, notwithstanding every varied pleasure or effort to prevent it.

This is not, however, the worst: with all these sufferings, she may have a partner, one who, by his attentions and endearments, may lessen the load of anguish, and sometimes lull her into a happy insensibility of her situation; but how seldom this is the case, needs not much proof. Common observation sufficiently shews, that he who has been, at least in a great measure, the means of bringing a woman to this sad state, is not the last to desert her, and even with cool indifference leave her to support the bitter buffetings of the world without any assistance. To what this oftentimes leads I need not say: the many wretched and miserable, but outwardly gay, objects which infest the streets of this metropolis, and raise warm blushes in the face of the innocent and young, sufficiently indicate the last resource of poverty and neglect. I am aware that this latter evil does not often fall upon the fashionable world; they are too strongly fenced with settlements and separate maintenances to dread any such great reverse as is here supposed. But the middle class of society, which has no such guards, must necessarily fall to this level; and to this class, as being the majority, and most useful part of the community, I wish to direct these observations, that it may continue to preserve the esteem which it now possesses.

I meant to have added some remarks on the trials which have lately taken place on this subject, and to have commented on the methods which have been pursued and recommended by our Judges and Legislators, as likely to lessen the effects of this evil; but my letter is already extended to too great a length, and I shall, therefore, defer the remainder of my thoughts until a future opportunity.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

DECENS.

To

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

SHOULD the following extract of a letter, written by a young man to his sister in Scotland, be deemed worthy of a place in your valuable Miscellany, the insertion of it will oblige

A constant reader,
JEAN DE JEAN-CHENU.

T—r—yville, Sept. 1801.

"BEAUTY or fortune is what the generality of men, now-a-days, consider indispensable in a wife. So far from regretting that my sisters are possessed of neither, I rejoice that it is so; for, although the greater number of men make choice of their wives on account of those externals, yet a man of principle, a man of good sense, views matrimony in a quite different light. He considers, that upon his proper choice of a wife depends his domestic happiness or misery; and, knowing that "Beauty is a fair but fading flower," and that "Riches often take to themselves wings, and fly away;" and being convinced that neither of these can make amends for the evils of a wicked disposition, or a bad temper, he makes the mental endowments or acquirements the criterion by which he judges. The man who acts thus is alone worthy of a good wife; and we have every reason to believe that no marriage which is not founded on this principle can ever be productive of real domestic happiness. Hence it has always been my opinion, that a young woman, possessed of a greater degree of beauty than her neighbours, ought rather to be an object of pity than of envy. It is true, she will get married; but, the affections of her husband being founded upon nothing permanent, when her beauty vanishes she will find that she is no longer beloved. A woman who is married on account of her fortune, will be exactly

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in a similar situation. In place of regretting, then, that you have neither beauty nor fortune to procure you a husband, have you not cause to be thankful that it is so? Had it been otherwise, ten thousand chances to one if ever you would be happy in the married state. Now, however, if you enter into that state, the affections of the man who shall make you his choice must be fixed upon something rational, something solid; and, of course, there is every probability of your enjoying domestic happiness. It is natural to suppose that you wish to get married; but when I tell you that it depends, in a great measure, upon yourself whether it shall ever happen, I know you will see the necessity of making the cultivation of your mind your chief study: for be assured, my dear B., your hopes in this respect can only be well founded in proportion to the progress which you make in mental acquirements."

"J. Mc L."

AN INTERESTING PROOF OF COURAGE AND MAGNANIMITY,

Which occurred during the present War.

IF modesty is allowed to be a female's greatest ornament, courage is, doubtless, that of the opposite sex; and whenever I see a boy deficient in that quality, I naturally form a bad opinion of his mind. Though courage bears no place in the catalogue of virtues, it is deservedly enrolled in the annals of fame; for it is a stimulus to those refined and noble actions which add a dignity to human life.

Of all the proofs of this inciting passion, which have tended to inspire virtue in the breast of mankind, none appear to me more amiable and instructive than that which the following letter describes.

THE

THE COPY OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN AT JERSEY TO THE COUNT DE TROTTER.

"I CONGRATULATE you, my friend, on the gallantry of your son, who, at the early age of eighteen, has displayed the intrepidity of a hero, and the skill of a general.

"His mother, and upwards of four hundred royalists, were confined in the dungeon of Saint Brieux, for the purpose of suffering by an ignominious death. In order to rescue these miserable victims from the hands of their merciless enemies, your son, at the head of three hundred and fifty of his friends, stormed the town, though defended by a much superior force. Providence has crowned with success the hazardous enterprize of himself and his associates in arms, who were determined to save their unfortunate friends, or lose their lives in the attempt.

"As soon as the prison doors were opened, such an affecting scene ensued, as is seldom equalled in the annals of history. Conceive, if you can, the astonishment of the prisoners, when, instead of their executioners, fathers, brothers, and sons, were presented to their sight! Your wife fell almost lifeless into your son's arms, who attempted to restore her by the ardency of his embrace. But your own feelings, upon reading this account, will enable you to form some notion of a scene which drew tears from the eyes of every beholder."

The most striking instances of persevering courage which the antient historians are able to produce, cannot exceed the proof of magnanimity which this young man's conduct is calculated to display; for we not only admire his natural intrepidity, but are charmed with the proof of his filial zeal; and, if we are pleased at beholding him in the light of a soldier, we are delighted at viewing him in the character of a son.

A DESCRIP-

A DESCRIPTION OF THE TAURIDAN PALACE;

And of an Entertainment which Prince Potemkin gave there to Catherine II.; with Observations upon the Tyranny of the late Emperor Paul, contrasted with the amiable Sweetness of his Wife.

MR. EDITOR,

AS a description of the manners of different nations, and the customs of their inhabitants, proves a source of entertainment to the enquiring mind, your readers may probably be amused by a relation of the elegance displayed in a Russian treat.

The intrigues of Catherine, and the immense sums which were lavished upon her favourites, are too generally known to require a detail; but the author of this superb entertainment was the only one who enjoyed her friendship, after the extinction of a more violent flame.

" *The Tauridan Palace was the place made choice of by Prince Potemkin for an entertainment given in honour of his august Queen, who, after the death of her favourite, made this superb mansion her autumnal residence. The façade of the building is composed of an immense colonnade supporting a cupola, which opens into a grand vestibule communicating with the apartments to the right and left, having at the further end a portico, that leads to a second vestibule of prodigious size, receiving light from the top, and surrounded, at a great height, by a gallery intended for an orchestra, and containing an organ; from this a double row of pillars leads to the principal saloon, designed for grand entertainments. It is impossible to describe the impression which is made upon the mind by the appearance of this gigantic temple, which is upwards of a hundred paces in length, wide in proportion, and surrounded by a double row of colossal pillars, between which are boxes, ornamented with festoons, elegantly sculptured, and

* Extracted from Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburgh.

furnished

furnished with silk drapery; from the vaulted roofs are suspended globular lamps, and large lustres of cut glass placed at the extremities of this vast hall: it has neither furniture nor ornaments, except two superb vases of Carrara marble, astonishing for their size, and the beauty of their workmanship, placed at each of the semicircular ends of the saloon. Adjoining to this saloon is the Winter Garden, separated from it only by the grand colonnade: the vault of this enormous edifice is supported by pillars in the form of palm trees; and within the walls are flues, to conduct a regular degree of heat round the parterre.

"The eye wanders with rapture over plants and shrubs of every clime; rests with admiration on an antique bust, or views with astonishment fishes of various hues collected in vases, which are like crystal bright. A transparent obelisk reproduces to the eye, under a thousand different teints, these combined wonders both of nature and art; and a grotto hung with mirrors reflects them in endless multiplication. The delicious temperature, the intoxicating odour of the flowers, and the voluptuous silence of this enchanting spot, plunge the mind into a pleasing reverie, and transport the imagination to the groves of Italy. The illusion continues till destroyed by the aspect of all the rudeness and severity of winter, as the enchanted eye wanders through the windows, and beholds the frost and snow surrounding this magnificent garden; and in the midst of this elysium rises the majestic statue of Catherine, in Parian marble.

"On this theatre of his grandeur Potemkin arranged the preparations for the entertainment he gave to his sovereign before he departed for the southern provinces, where death lay in ambush for him. This favourite seemed to have a secret presentiment of his approaching end, and therefore resolved once more to display the plenitude of that magnificence which the bounty of the Empress had so lavishly bestowed.

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"The preparations for this entertainment were immense, like every thing to which his imagination gave birth; artists of all kinds being employed in making them for several months: more than a hundred persons assembled daily to prepare themselves for the parts he designed them to perform, and every rehearsal was a kind of festivity.

"At length the appointed day arrived to gratify the impatience of the whole capital: besides the Empress and the imperial family, Prince Potemkin had invited all the Court, the foreign ministers, the Russian nobility, and many individuals of the first rank in society.

"At six in the evening the entertainment commenced with a masked ball. When the carriage of the Empress approached, meat, drink, and clothes of all kinds, were distributed in profusion among the assembled populace. The Empress entered the vestibule to the dulcet sounds of sprightly music, executed by upwards of three hundred performers. From thence she repaired to the principal saloon, whither she was followed by an admiring crowd, and ascended a platform raised for her in the centre, surrounded by transparent decorations, with inscriptions appropriate to their design. The company arranged themselves under the colonnade, and in the boxes; after which the second act of this extraordinary spectacle began.

"The grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine, at the head of the flower of all the young persons about the Court, performed a ballet. The dancers, which were forty-eight in number, were all dressed in white, with magnificent scarfs covered with jewels, which alone were estimated at a thousand rubles.* The ballet was performed to select airs suitable to the occasion, and interspersed with songs, and concluded with a *Pas*, by the celebrated Lepicq.

"The company then removed to another saloon adorned with the richest tapestry the Gobelins could produce. In

* A million sterling.

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the centre was an artificial elephant, covered with emeralds and rubies; and his carnac was a Persian, most superbly clad. On his giving the signal, by striking a bell, a curtain rose, and a magnificent stage appeared at the end of the apartment: on it were performed two ballets of a novel species. These were followed by choral songs, various dances, and Asiatic processions, remarkable for their diversity of dresses, all representing the different nations subject to the sceptre of the Russian monarch.

"In a short time all the apartments were thrown open to the eager gaze, magnificently illuminated with various lamps: the whole palace seemed in a blaze. The garden was covered with sparkling stones; crystal mirrors innumerable, in pyramidal and globular forms, reflected the magic spectacle in every form and direction. A table was spread with six hundred covers, and the remainder of the guests were served standing. The table service was composed of gold and silver of the most exquisite workmanship, and filled with the choicest delicacies that could be procured: antique cups overflowed with the choicest liquors, and the table was lighted by chandeliers, magnificent in workmanship as well as size; whilst officers and domestics, in great number, seemed eager to anticipate the wishes of the guests.

"The Empress, contrary to her custom, remained till midnight, as if dreading that her departure might interrupt the felicity of her favourite. As she retired, numerous bands of singers and harmonious music made the vaulted roofs of the palace resound with hymns descriptive of her praise. At the sound of these she appeared extremely moved, and turned towards the Prince to express her thanks. He, overpowered by the ideas of what he owed his sovereign, fell prostrate at her feet, respectfully embraced her hand, and watered it with grateful tears."

In perusing an account of such elegance and magnificence, we might naturally conclude that the inhabitants of this empire were singularly refined, and that the polish of

a court, and the urbanity of its attendants, had eradicated every impression of barbarism from the mind. But coercive power and oppressive authority must make their dependants feel themselves but slaves; and though, for a time, they may submit to the bonds that confine them, restriction at length must break the chain.

Amongst the number of tyrants who have swayed the imperial sceptre, the successor of Catherine was deservedly most despised; for cruelty with him was the effect of capriciousness, and had neither the apology of provocation nor design. Various were the sufferings, and mortifying the degradations, to which the most exalted ranks were forced to submit, for involuntarily breaking through some new decree of this capricious tyrant, which an absence from the capital might have prevented them from hearing proclaimed.

It was antiently a custom amongst this barbarous people for every person to alight from their carriages, and prostrate themselves before a Russian autocrat, his wife, or son; but Catherine, who certainly endeavoured to humanize the minds of these oppressed people, abolished a practice so disgraceful to the human race, though her successor, puffed up with vanity and pride, revived the base decree; and, at the moment of its being renewed, Brigadier Likarof, an officer in the imperial corps, being taken dangerously ill, his wife, full of anxiety and affection, and fearful of trusting to those less interested in his welfare than herself, set out for Petersburgh to obtain the best advice, and, unfortunately meeting Paul upon the road, was arrested on the way for not having prostrated herself before this unhallowed shrine. It was in vain that she urged her ignorance of his person; or her being a stranger to the law that had been so recently decreed. Deaf to her apology, and inexorable to her intreaties, she was immediately put into prison, and closely confined; and, agonized at the idea of a beloved husband's situation, a fever ensued, which completely deranged her mind. The Brigadier was fortunately ignorant

ignorant of this catastrophe, for death in a few hours terminated his life; but the ill-fated object of his tenderness was never restored to reason again.

His tyranny as a husband was no less disgraceful than as a monarch, for he even put under an arrest his accomplished and amiable wife, merely for pleading the cause of the oppressed. As Paul was, one day, taking his usual round in the Palace of Pavolfsky, he unfortunately caught a centinel sleeping at a short distance from the Empress's pavilion; and, enraged at this infringement upon martial orders, he commanded the poor fellow to be severely bastinadoed upon the spot.

The humane Mary, shocked at the sounds of distress which reached her ear, implored the tyrant to pardon the offence; when Paul indignantly exclaimed, "What! dare you interrupt me in an act of military duty? Do you forget, Madam, that I am your Emperor likewise? However, I will take care to make you recollect it." So saying, he ordered his aid-du-camp to put the Empress immediately under an arrest, and a guard was instantly placed before her door.

That a man capable of an act of such outrage and indecency should have been united to a woman whose mind was delicate in the extreme, is one of those unfortunate instances of incongruous alliances, which are calculated to bring the sacred bonds of marriage into disregard and disesteem.

"The character of Mary, as a wife," says her impartial historian,* "is totally opposite to that of the Empress she was destined to succeed; and the mildness, patience, and modesty of her disposition, have been severely proved by the treatment she has received. Her time is employed in a succession of duties and occupations suitable to her station and her sex; and the education of her children, from

* See Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburgh, page 179.

whom she had been too long separated, forms the principal source of her felicity and delight. Her attention to her husband has enabled her to endure fatigues ill calculated to the delicacy and weakness of her sex; and for hours together she has been drenched in rain, merely to please him, when her situation required composure and ease. She is more careful of her time, and proportions it out to more advantage, than any other lady in her numerous states; but music, painting, etching, and embroidery, are those elegant accomplishments in which she peculiarly excels. Reading and study she considers as a recreation, yet never suffers them to interfere with the appropriation of her time; and her numerous charities at once afford her employment, and impart the most gratifying sensations to her mind. Tall, well made, and still in the prime of life, she is rather handsome than pretty, and possesses more of majesty than grace: she is a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, an excellent mother, and a faithful wife; far from forgetting her country and her relations, the splendor which surrounds her, and the distance which separates them, serve but to increase the tenderness of her remembrance, and the warmth of her esteem. Her numerous relations are never absent from her recollection, and her correspondence with them occupies many of her most delightful hours; yet it is difficult to say whether she is most beloved for her virtues, or venerated for the manner in which she disposes of her time."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

D. C.

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from page 219.]

HORATIO PONSONBY TO ST. JULIAN.

"WELL, my dear *quizzing* friend, I have read your long rhapsody of a hundred sheets, with as much patience as could reasonably be expected from a man

man of my engagements: maugre our old friendship, I believe curiosity and amazement carried me through the task.

"What the plague can you mean by such a medley of nonsense as those aforesaid sheets contain? Do you seriously intend to impose upon me, who have known you for five years to be the very soul of pleasure? Do you seriously expect to make me believe all the stuff you have written about mothers, last dying speeches, long faces, watery eyes, wry mouths, and dismal groans?---ridiculous!

"Can I, for a moment, fancy Edwin St. Julian, the gay, the inconsiderate St. Julian, who has sported with so many female hearts, who has condescended to accept some, and scorn others; can I suppose his ever-animated figure lying stretched upon the dirty floor of a nasty little hovel? Can I imagine those sparkling and insolent eyes, which have despised the finest ladies, weeping over the footsteps of a cottage Miss?---that haughty lip drawn down into a dotard's whine? In short, Edwin, if, by any improbable chance, you happen to be what you describe, may the Devil pound me in your dulcinea's butter-churn, if I stay half an hour with you.

"So much for a good resolution, which, if there be reason, shall be kept; so you may expect, on these terms, to see me, on Tuesday, at your door. But remember, I will not sit on turf, sleep on straw, and eat off platters; I am not mad enough to make such fare bearable; and, besides, no rueful looks from you, else I am off in the whiff of a sigh---Such breezes are very inimical to the constitution of,

"Your's,

"HORATIO PONSONBY."

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. IX.

ALL my precautions have been useless; the mischief is done, and the parties must take the consequence. I yesterday morning surprised Maria in tears, and enquired

the cause with anxious solicitude: this but made them flow the faster.

"I fear to tell you," said she; "but do not think Somerton guilty of any premeditated crime: he perceived my weakness, which drew from me an involuntary profession of partiality. In short, my dear aunt, I can no longer conceal or deny that I prefer Leonard: I know you will blame me, but I have banished him from me for ever."

I own this speech, and the manner in which it was delivered, distressed me greatly, and I took some moments to consider my answer; at length I said:---

"You are right, Maria, to make me thus early acquainted with your sentiments: the confidence of youth is, to age, the highest gratification, and both evinces the purity of the heart, and affords an opportunity of realizing the wishes of such an heart. As far as concerns your engagement with Stanley, I can say little; it is a matter that requires serious deliberation and mutual agreement: it has ever been my ultimate desire to promote your happiness; the means were to me but secondary considerations. I would not tolerate a breach of faith, except when such a breach may be justified by more material concerns; and of such importance I take matrimonial felicity to be: nor shall I attempt to regulate the feelings of your heart, in proposing an union with Stanley. I conceived I but did my duty in directing your affections to a worthy object, while they were yet unsophisticated by passion or prejudice; but, if nature takes a contrary bent, it is no longer proper for the parent to oppose with violence inclinations which acquire additional force by the control; all left, in such a case, is rather to point out error, if there be such, by persuasion, and correct with prudent caution. I would have you, Maria, be carefully guarded against dazzling appearances. Leonard is engaging, I allow; but he may nevertheless be worthless: a pleasing exterior often conceals a multitude of vices. We know nothing of his real character, nor have we had sufficient time to judge him by our own opinion and observation.

vation. In fact, I cannot presume to direct you further than I have already done: you are old enough now to think and act for yourself; nor shall my authority interfere where I perceive no appearance of danger."

Maria appeared highly delighted by this decision, and thanked me a thousand times; and I now found all the former reserve and abstractedness which I had observed in Leonard had been foolishly construed by Maria into proofs of regard---so ready is the female heart to erect its own little palace of delight, and fill it with imaginary inhabitants: her ardour was, however, a little checked, when I asked her, with much shew of gravity how Leonard could know of the change which had taken place in his favour; for, as she had banished him, neither her pride nor delicacy could permit us to recall him.

Maria looked a little confused, but replied, with a laugh---"Oh! Leonard is not very easily repulsed: he vowed he would appeal to you, and get his father to intercede in his behalf, in despite of all earthly engagements: besides, my dear aunt, do you know I have had my fortune told?"

"Your fortune told!" re-echoed I, in amazement, "When?---by whom?"

"By an old gipsy in the field," she replied. "Miss Somerton was walking with me when the sybil came up; and told me she perceived by my planet, which was predominant that hour, that I should soon be subject to a revolution of ideas and circumstances; that I was under particular engagements to one gentleman, while another was wholly devoted to me. You know, dear aunt, I ever ridiculed these sort of things, but I own her words struck me; and, as Miss Somerton wished to have her own destiny foretold, I waited with her, and at length heard what confirmed all my expectations."

"Weak girl!" cried I, much distressed; "you well know my opinion of such credulity, which almost amounts to a vice; and that among the many weaknesses to which females are addicted, I reckon their eagerness in pursuit

of

of fortune-tellers, from whom they imbibe ideas destructive to their peace, and cherish discontent at the advantages they are already possessed of, to pursue promised pleasures which elude their grasp, and leave them in a worse state than that in which they originally were."

Maria, I know, thought me unjust, but did not presume to urge the subject any further. Stanley has, I know, rather piqued her by neglecting to write; and, indeed, I almost think it were best to break the match off, while it can be done easily: at all events, I shall write to Edward, and know his sentiments, which will in a great measure determine my decision.—The next time I saw Mrs. Chumney, she continued her narrative in the following terms.

"From this state of distress and self-reproach, I roused myself to make one more effort; it was dictated by principles of christian rectitude, for I knew well the impiety of suffering an innocent wretch to perish through my guilt. For myself I had no care, but my infant must be preserved; and, determined to be no longer under pecuniary obligations to Henry, nor involve him in trouble on my account, I wrote to the kind governess with whom I had been placed, acquainted her with all past occurrences, and implored her advice, and protection of my babe. While I waited her answer with heart-felt anguish, I received a visit of an extraordinary nature; it was from my sister's husband. He expressed his concern at my situation, and informed me that the infamous conduct of my sister had occasioned them to be separated: concluded his recital with an offer of regard and assistance, which I might, perhaps, have been duped by, had not the earnest gaze he fixed on me explained views I shudder even to think of. Every kindling hope of ease, comfort, and peace, vanished before the infamy of the means; and I replied to the unprincipled wretch with all the disdain virtue inspired: yes, Madam, degraded, polluted as I was, I felt a glow of innate native virtue, which convinced me I had not erred through depravity of heart. I cannot, will not, repeat to you the insulting language he used:

used: menaces, entreaties, were alternately used in vain; and he left me highly enraged, and I had every thing to fear from his baseness. Fortunately I was rescued from a state of the most dreadful apprehension by the letter of my benevolent protectress, Mrs. Mournwell: she said, she had long and vainly made every enquiry after me, and now, defying invidious calumny, offered me an asylum in her own house: in short, Madam, by her means, an investigation of my deceased father's affairs took place, by which I found that the dear, venerable, injured man, had, in compassion for a child he once tenderly loved, bequeathed me five hundred pounds, and his most invaluable blessing, of which an inhuman sister had attempted to deprive me. My kind friend took this cottage for me: I was safely delivered of a daughter; and in the education of her, and embellishing of my little mansion, I find solace and amusement, by which I strive to divert my thoughts from a subject that brings with it the most acute pangs, and fix them upon one which ever forms the mind to fortitude and resignation--Religion."

THE STORY OF EMILY DAVENPORT.

[Concluded from p. 340.]

THOUGH Mrs. Davenport's remonstrances produced but a slight effect upon Emily's conduct, yet her presence had certainly acted as some restraint; and, when she found herself no longer under parental admonitions, her propensity for dissipation was not likely to abate. The only request her husband had made previous to his departure, was, that she would not remain more than six weeks in town; and, though twice the number had elapsed previous to her mother-in-law's separation, she seemed to have forgotten the wishes of a man who ought to have directed her own.

When

When a fondness for pleasure supersedes an act of duty, the sense of propriety imperceptibly grows more faint, until the unhappy votary is engulphed in the vortex of dissipation, and at length defies both animadversion and restraint.

Though Emily encouraged the attentions of Captain O'Hara, contrary to her husband's inclinations and desires, it was rather from opposition to the advice of Mrs. Davenport, than from any particular satisfaction to her own mind. He was a man whose peculiar attention to the ladies was at once calculated to flatter and impress; and, though his principles were known to be completely licentious, he was received in the first circles, from his connexions and address. The public attentions of such a Cicisbeo flattered her vanity, and his private conversation was calculated to entertain: therefore she received his visits without reflecting upon their danger and impropriety, and by that means exposed herself to universal blame.

Though her husband's estate was in the most beautiful part of Berkshire, and several elegant families were established round, she did not leave London until after the birth-day, and every person of fashion had quitted town. A conduct at once so weak and reprehensible could not fail making an impression upon her mother-in-law's mind, whose ideas of propriety were scrupulously rigid, and who felt mortified that her son should have made such a choice. Though she had entirely given up all intimacy with her daughter, yet she kept up a constant intercourse with her maid; who, from a promised reward for communicating her observations, was resolved to make it a profitable kind of trade.

Emily's conduct, it is true, gave too much scope for reprehension; but the idea of conjugal infidelity had never occurred to her mind: she was pleased with the attentions of the insinuating O'Hara, and forgot that the world would be neither silent nor blind. Though she was upon a footing of intimacy with all the families in the neighbourhood, upon her

her first arrival at her country seat, yet the impropriety of her behaviour soon afforded subject for conversation; and she found herself left to the enjoyment of solitude in an elegant retreat.

The attentions of O'Hara seemed now absolutely necessary to drive discontent and ill humour from her mind; and, though he had never taken up his abode at her mansion, yet his lodgings were not distant more than half a mile.

The servant employed to give Mrs. Davenport intelligence of every circumstance that took place in her daughter's house, exaggerated imprudence into guilt and criminality, until her son's disgrace and misfortune appeared beyond a doubt.

As Davenport loved his wife with the most unbounded affection, every hour of their separation was attended with pain; and, the moment he had taken possession of the property, he was anxious to return to her arms again. Instead, therefore, of writing to inform her of this intention, he resolved to give her an agreeable surprise; and, as London happened to lay in the road to his parental inheritance, he stopped at the house of one of his most intimate friends.

The first person that caught his eyes, upon entering the drawing-room, was the one whom he had the most reason to love and revere; and the idea that his wife was also there, gave an expression of delight to his countenance, which soon became the image of apprehension and fear. When he enquired for his Emily, with that impatience of solicitude, which, from absence and affection, it was so natural he should feel, he observed an appearance of embarrassment in the whole society, which convinced him there was a something that was dreadful to reveal. The idea of her death instantly darted across his imagination; but that was counteracted by the appearance of his mother's dress; and he conjured her not to torture him by suspense and uncertainty, but candidly tell him the whole of his distress.

As

As it is impossible to describe the affliction of an affectionate husband, who finds all his prospects of expected happiness suddenly brought to a close, I shall merely say, that Davenport's was at once both dignified and interesting, and that his friends took every method to alleviate his woes. Though determined never more to behold the imprudent Emily, he resolved to prevent her from living in open shame, and to place her as a boarder in a family, on whom he had the firmest reliance, that resided in one of the most remote parts of Wales. As soon as he had arranged every thing that was necessary for her departure, and had cautiously prevented her from knowing he was in town, his mother's housekeeper was charged with the following letter, and with orders to accompany her to an unexpected home.

TO MRS. DAVENPORT.

"THOUGH you have wounded my peace beyond redemption, and destroyed the fondest hopes ever man entertained, I shall not take up your time by animadversions on you conduct, nor even use the privilege of a husband to condemn or upbraid. But, as you have proved yourself incapable of guarding your honour, and are publicly consigned to everlasting shame, you can no longer appear under my protection, after the dreadful stigma that has been cast upon your fame.

"The person who delivers this has received orders to accompany you to the house of a clergyman who is my particular friend; and I hope his admonitions will have the power of restoring you to virtue, and induce you to make preparations for your latter end."

This letter was delivered to the ill-fated Emily whilst she was confined by an accident to a sick bed; and the effect it produced was such as might have been expected to a mind that had been weakened by disease and pain.

The

The reflections which take place during the time of sickness are generally very different from those which we indulge in health; and the retrospect which Emily had taken of her past conduct was not calculated to make her feel satisfied with herself. Sincerely did she repent of the levity of her behaviour, and began to think that a reputation once tarnished must ever remain stained: a thousand times she resolved to write to Mrs. Davenport, and intreat her to pardon those errors which she had so justly blamed.

In this frame of mind was the unhappy Emily, when her husband's letter was delivered into her hands, which she perused with a mixture of anguish and contrition, that absolutely defied both constraint and command. At one moment she upbraided herself with want of gratitude and affection to a man who loved her with the fondest tenderness and esteem; at the next, she would call Heaven to testify her innocence; then start out of bed, as if terrified by a dream.

Such violent agitation to a mind debilitated, it was natural to suppose, the body could not sustain; and the physicians soon pronounced the case hopeless, and all medical assistance entirely vain. The servant, who had converted imprudence into infidelity, began to think herself blamable for what she had said; and, instead of the housekeeper attending Emily to her retirement on the mountains, she returned to London, to implore Davenport to visit the sick bed.

The moment he was made acquainted with Emily's indisposition, every sentiment of tenderness revived in his mind; and when he was told, that, though she had been imprudent, she had not been infamous, he severely condemned himself for having written a line. He travelled into Berkshire with the utmost expedition, but too late to speak comfort to his expiring wife, who had breathed her last in protesting her innocence, though she did not wish to preserve a suspected life.

A HASTY OPINION.

A GENTLEMAN on the point, lately, of marrying a young lady of considerable fortune, was conversing with her on the subject of Chinese customs. She thought bandaging their female infants feet, to make them small, and thereby rendering them almost cripples, was a very reprehensible custom. The gentleman replied, that it was chiefly done with a view of preventing the Chinese ladies from gadding too much about; and added, he was of opinion that it was a very wise institution.---" Then, Sir," cried his *Enamorata*, " a *Chinese wife* will best suit you."--- The match was instantly broke off.

NINON L'ENCLOS' LAP-DOG.

[From the French.]

ALL the world has heard of Ninon L'Enclos, who preserved her beauty for near a century. Ninon L'Enclos' lap-dog was a neat, sleek, clever little cur, and his name was Raton. This celebrated beauty, so much admired, as well for the charms of her wit as the graces of her person, never went abroad but Raton was her constant companion. At table, she used to place him in a basket beside her plate. He was, as history relates, her physician. He took care that his mistress should observe the strictest regimen, which preserved her beauty, her health, and her good-humour, till she was a hundred years of age, and this because she abstained from *caffé*, *ragouts*, and *liqueurs*.

Raton permitted, in silence, plain soup, a simple roasted or boiled joint of beef, to pass; but, whenever his mistress attempted to touch *ragouts*, he growled, looked stern, and absolutely prohibited all seasoned dishes. Their arguments

ments on these occasions formed a most animated sentimental dialogue; and the *doctor*, after some pretty hard disputes, generally carried his point. Sometimes he permitted a few light *entremets* to escape his severity; but to others he was inexorable, particularly when his nostrils were assailed by the odour of spices.

The attentive *doctor* allowed the different courses to succeed without the least demand for himself; nor even did he shew the least longing for the breast of a pullet, nor any other tit bit. He was none of your physicians who preach temperance over turtle and venison. But, as soon as the dessert entered, up he rose, leaped on the table-cloth, wagged his tail, ran backwards and forwards, paying his court to the ladies, till he got a few *macaroons*, or some such thing, to appease his hunger.

He allowed his lady to eat as much fruit as she pleased, and to use sugar if she liked it; but as to coffee he was inexorable. As soon as the cordials were produced, Raton pressed close to his mistress, snatched up the glass, and hid it in the corner of his basket. If Ninon attempted to put her lips to the nectar, our four-footed Sangrado growled furiously: if she persevered, he was as ready to bite as shew his teeth. He would bark, grin, and snap; and every body wondered to see such *Hippocratical* zeal lodged in so small a body!

"*Doctor*," said Ninon, "at least you will allow me to take a glass of water?" At these words he smoothed his wrinkled front, and composed his quivering jaws; and, in token of reconciliation, they drank out of the same tumbler. He then accepted and munched up his accustomed cheesecake, skipped and gambolled about the room, triumphing in his victory, proud of guarding the life of his faithful mistress.

Ye Fair, who eat without scruple whatever is put before you, think of Ninon L'Enclos' physician! But so rare a treasure never fell to the lot of any other but Ninon L'Enclos. Incomparable physican!---so tender, yet so rigorous! Alas! poor Raton! His remains are still to be seen

in the Museum of Natural History.---There, stuffed with straw, is exhibited the skin of this matchless guardian and preserver of Beauty! Go, ye Fair, and visit his remains; and, while you melt over the memory of this paragon of animals, be guided by his prescriptions!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

Oct. 21. MRS. Billington having, as usual, attracted a crowded house to witness her performance, went through the first and second acts of *Artaxerxes* with spirit, though some imagined they could discern marks of indisposition. In the last song of the second act she was taken ill; but she concluded it, and retired. Mr. Dignum and Mr. Kelly successively came forward, and, stating the circumstance, craved the indulgence of the audience for a short time. At length Mr. Kemble appeared, and informed them that Mrs. Billington had been taken so ill while singing her last song, that she had fainted before she reached her dressing-room, and continued to be attacked with violent fits. He stated, that she was attended by two gentlemen of the faculty, who had pronounced that her life would be endangered if she attempted to go on with the remaining part of the performance that night. Under these circumstances, he trusted that the generosity of the audience would dispense with Mrs. Billington's appearance, and that they would permit the entertainment to begin. The greater part of the audience acquiesced. It was, however, some time before the galleries were so quiet as to permit the entertainment of *Who's the Dupe?* to be heard. At length all expressions of discontent ceased, and the Piece went off with the usual applause.

It appeared, from a testimonial afterwards published by Mr. Heaviside, the Surgeon, that Mrs. Billington underwent

went an operation the following day, and had a needle extracted from the flesh of her right arm just below the shoulder. Her arm, it seems, had, a day or two before, assumed a black appearance, which alarmed her and her friends with apprehensions of a mortification; and it seems very likely, that a motion of her arm in the performance might throw the needle into a position to give her exquisite pain, which, aggravated by the before-mentioned apprehensions of danger, would throw her into the fits which followed. It was not till the 4th of November that she was able to resume her professional avocations.

Nov. 19. *The Duenna* was brought forward (for the first time at this Theatre); and Mrs. Billington performed the character of *Clara* with universal admiration. The Songs of the Piece are charmingly composed, but are not in a style to exhibit the full extent of her musical powers. It is, however, so admirable a drama of its kind, that we think the public taste will frequently call for it. Mr. Quick, who was the original performer of the character, played *Isaac* with inimitable effect.

COVENT GARDEN.

Oct. 29. A new Comedy by Mr. Reynolds was presented, for the first time, under the title of "FOLLY AS IT FLIES;" of which the following are the *Dramatis Personæ*, and a sketch of the plot:

Dramatis Personæ.] Sir Herbert Melmoth, Mr. Murray; Leonard Melmoth, Mr. H. Johnston; Tom Tick, Mr. Lewis; Peter Post Obit, Mr. Munden; Shenkin, Mr. Knight; Dr. Infallible, Mr. Simmons; Malcour, Mr. Whitfield; Cursitor, Mr. Waddy:---Georgiana, Mrs. Gibbs; Lady Melmoth, Miss Murray.

SCENE, LONDON.

Sir Herbert Melmoth, a Baronet of great property, marries his ward, Ellen Arundel, and has, by a former

marriage, a son named Leonard: in consequence of the extravagance of his present wife, he is compelled to apply to Leonard to join in cutting off the entail of his estate. Leonard, perceiving the money will be soon squandered by Lady Melmoth, refuses to sign the conveyances, in the hope of preserving his father from ruin. His refusal enrages Sir Herbert, and they part; but, meeting accidentally, Leonard advises his father to separate himself from his wife, and offers to give him the estate, if he will resign her to Malcour (a former lover, and to whom Leonard thinks she is still attached). Sir Herbert relates this interview to his wife, and adds, that he was so incensed at the insulting proposition, that he produced a pistol, and swore he would perish at his son's feet, sooner than ask his assistance; that Leonard tried to force the weapon from his hand, and, in the struggle, it unfortunately went off, and wounded him. Sir Herbert supposes the wound fatal, and Malcour receives Leonard into his house, and confirms this supposition, by reporting that he is dying, and threatening to accuse Sir Herbert. Lady Melmoth entreats Malcour to save him; he offers to grant her request on the most dishonourable terms: she treats him with scorn, and vows she will acknowledge the crime, and die instead of her husband. Leonard overhears this, and comes from his chamber, supported by his father, who relates that the ball was instantly extracted, and that the story of his danger was planned by Malcour, to shake the virtue of Lady Melmoth. Leonard then embraces Lady Melmoth, and gives the estate to his father.

In this web, however, are interwoven such a variety of fantastic figures, that it is impossible, by description, to convey any idea of the whole. Indeed, this amusing dramatist does not, in general, look for much assistance from his plots. He seems chiefly anxious for a thread by which he may string together a large number of curious characters and whimsical incidents. In *Folly as it Flies* we have an uncommon share of whimsicality. Dr. Infallible is a celebrated

celebrated quack-medicine seller, the ingenious inventor and sole proprietor of the *Regis Rheno*, a certain cure for every disorder to which the human frame is liable; and, by the sale of it, is able to run his coach, to keep several livery servants, and to entertain with burgundy. He even aspires to the hand of a young lady of high family, great fortune, and exquisite beauty, and rivals Leonard in the love of Georgiana. A no less out-of-the-way fellow is Tom Tick, proprietor of the Castle Inn, on the Northern Road, who passes himself off in London as a man of vast property in the North of England; who thus gets credit from the vast numbers that never saw him, and who shews infinite talents in countermining the plans of bum-bailiffs. He is sprightly, tender-hearted, and obliging, and grounds his claim to our notice on the good offices that he renders to Leonard.---Peter Post Obit, joint guardian to Georgiana, is a legacy-hunter, and, in a duelling transaction with Cursitor, an attorney, affords no small share of amusement; as well as where he is made to believe, by Tom Tick, that a bailiff's house is an elegant furnished lodging, and is t' us duped out of 500*l*. But the most strange of the whole dramatis personæ is Caractacus Shenkin, a Welch footman to Sir Herbert Melmoth. His father, being a philosopher of the Shandean school, had given all his sons illustrious names. One he called Ajax Telemon, another Alcibiades, and a third Junius Brutus. Caractacus is a profound moralizer, and is made to take a very principal part in the business of the Piece.

Throughout the Comedy, the follies of modern life are satirized with great success. The ruinous extravagance of fashionable routs, and the farcical proceedings of some of our reputed duellists, are the chief objects of the author's aim. These he holds out to merited ridicule and contempt; and the means he employs to effect his purpose afford an ample fund of sprightly entertainment. The lighter parts of the dialogue abound in whimsical equivoque and witty repartee; while the serious incidents, descriptive

scriptive of the distresses occasioned by excess of expenditure in idle amusements, present many a scene of high-wrought interest.

The author has succeeded, perhaps, beyond his former efforts, in blending the pathetic with the light cast of comedy; and it must not be forgotten, that the sentiments are in every respect subservient to the true end of all theatrical institutions---the promotion of virtue.

The judicious way in which the Manager has cast the characters materially contributes to the success of the Play, and must render it peculiarly attractive. The comic strength of this company has been seldom displayed to more advantage. The vivacity and singular humour of Lewis places Tom Tick in a very prominent point of view; and this spirited actor gives to many passages a force that would in vain be attempted even by performers of acknowledged merit. Of Munden's delineation of Post Obit we cannot speak too highly: it is the personification of the *vis-comica* of the acting drama in its pure and genuine style. Knight's Caractacus is a chaste and masterly sketch of real life; and Simmons in Dr. Infallible exerted himself with considerable effect. To the exertions of Messrs. Murray and H. Johnston, also, the author owes many thanks.

Miss Murray claims peculiar mention for her correct conception and perfect delineation of the difficult character of Lady Melmoth. One little exclamation of her's, "*No!---not* DIED!" thrills the blood in the heart; and may be compared, perhaps, with the "*Was he* ALIVE?" of Mrs. Crawford's Lady Randolph, which has been so long famed.

13. Mrs. Billington assumed the part of *Clara* in *The Duenna;* in which she again charmed the listening ear with her exquisite melodies.

School

School of Arts.

NO. XXXVII.

To make French Rolls.

TO a quarter of a peck of flour, well dried at the fire, add a little salt; put about two table-spoonfuls of good yeast into a pint of warm water, mix it well; then make a hole in the flour, and put it in; let it stand before the fire for about twenty minutes. To a pint of new milk, and about two ounces of butter melted over the fire in the milk, add two eggs, well beat; when the milk is lukewarm, mix the rolls with this, and let the dough stand before the fire an hour before the rolls are made up: when made, let them stand on tins before the fire for twenty minutes; and about the same time will bake them, with a quick oven.

Small Cakes for Tea.

Take half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, and one egg; which make into a paste, and, when rolled out very thin, cut with a cup, or tin mould.

Common Cake.

Half a peck of flour, one pound and a half of butter: put it into a saucepan, with a pint of milk; set it on the fire: take a pound of sugar, half an ounce of allspice, beat fine, and mix them with the flour. When the butter is melted pour the milk and butter in the middle of the flour, and half a pint of good ale yeast: work it up like paste; set it before the fire to rise, just before it goes to the oven. Either put in some currants or caraways, and bake it in a quick oven. If made into two cakes, they will take an hour and a half baking.

Wigs.

Wigs.

One pound and a half of flour, half a pint of milk made warm, a quarter of a pint of yeast: mix them, and cover it up; let it lay before the fire half an hour: then take half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and make wigs, with as little flour as possible. Quick oven.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A scarlet kerseymere pelisse, trimmed with white fur, and tied in front and at the wrists with white ribands. A Chemise handkerchief, with a tippet of white fur tied with white ribands in front. A bonnet of white and scarlet velvet, with scarlet feathers: and scarlet shoes.

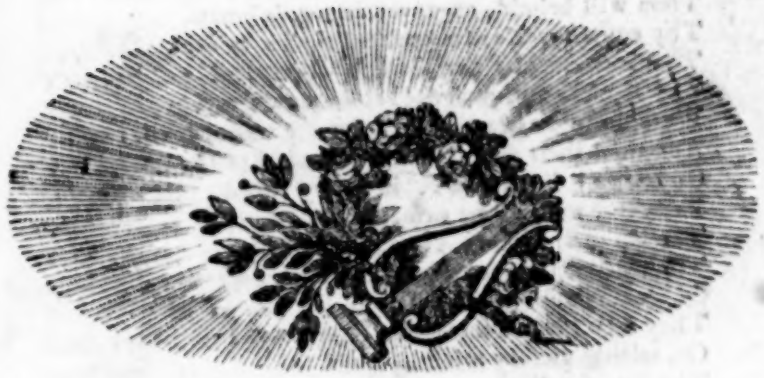
2. A short pelisse of lead-coloured silk, trimmed with black fur and white ribands. The gown white muslin, with long sleeves. A black velvet hat, with white bead tassels, and an ostrich feather. Shoes of lead-coloured silk or leather. Gloves York tan.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. A white muslin cap, trimmed with lace; a wreath and strings of pearls. A dress of white muslin; the sleeves enriched with silver spangles and wreaths of pearl: on the breast a pearl *broche;* the neck trimmed with a broad lace frill, and the waist fastened with a pearl buckle and a white satin riband. Shoes of white satin, and gloves of white silk net.

4. A head dress of scarlet and purple velvet, trimmed with silver lace, feather, and twist. The dress lilac persian, trimmed with white; the sleeves composed of white satin points, bound with lilac riband. The shoes white satin.

The



The Apollonian Wreath.

PEACE;

OR, DOMESTIC SKETCHES:

'TIS done! and vengeful War resigns his torch,
No more with flaming Discord to engage
Britannia's sons in strife. The christian eye
Looks sated round, and the heart feels a glow
Of gratitude to HIM who thus has fill'd
The mind of man with peace and social love.
Victorious, now, return our Chieftains, crown'd
With well-earn'd laurels; crown, more glorious, far,
Than that which decks the brow of monarchs!...
'Tis bought with valour; animates the breast
With prouder zeal; and makes the wearer seem
Ennobled more than birth or wealth can boast.

And soon thy fun'ral rites discharg'd shall be,
Oh, Abercrombie! and thy tomb be grac'd
With honours precious in a soldier's eye;
Whilst, from thy blest abode (if Seraphs e'er
Have pow'r to scan the actions of this world),

Thou

Thou wilt behold, engraven in men's hearts,
Thy name rever'd, transmitted thence to deck
That monumental base, which will record
Thy fame to future ages!...Britons, once,
Were deem'd a warlike race; fierce and uncouth:
And then their dauntless souls mock'd at the thought
Of danger! Even now...in lux'ry rear'd,
Pamper'd with nicest care, and foster'd in
The lap of Indolence...no sooner does
The martial trumpet sound, than ev'ry spark
Of innate courage kindles thro' the blood:
They face the foe intrepid; conquer all!
Or, selling victory with life, add to
The list of gallant names, which fills the aisle
Where Heroes, Kings, and Patriots, mingle dust!!

To scenes domestic turns, awhile, mine eye,
To view thy blessings, PEACE! Each social joy
By thee seems heighten'd; and connubial bliss
Concludes the tedious charm of time through which
The drooping wife has mourn'd her absent lord,
As never more to bless her longing sight;
No more to press his infants to his heart!
Yet this shall be: he views with raptur'd glance
Each smiling face; transported, listens to
Each tender lisping accent: each, in turn,
Receive the fond paternal kiss. "Oh, joy supreme!"
The happy warrior cries:..." Country, I've done
" My duty: this be my reward! An hour
" Like this can compensate for years of toil!'

And faithful Love has had its trial, too;
For, see, near Avon's stream resides a Maid,
Who long has breath'd the anxious sigh...oft shed
The secret tear for Edward's fate. War call'd
Him to the field, and stay'd their union; yet
His heart was firmly her's, though modest worth
Led her to doubt her pow'r: bear witness, Love,
The frequent vows he offer'd at thy shrine!
But men have perjur'd prov'd; and may not he?
'Tis this distracts her waking thoughts; nor are
Her nightly visions calmer: there she sees
His beauteous form...pale! bleeding! mangled! cold!per-
She shrieks!...she wakes!...'tis all a dream!...but such
A dream as Fate too soon may realize.——

Oh!

Oh! think what transport fills her throbbing breast
At this glad news: ecstatic rapture warms
Each vein, and all is wild convulsive joy!
Yet calmer reason brings its tender fears,
And Hope shrinks timid back; for Edward may
Return, estrang'd in mind!---Ah! fatal hour!
For the full tide of joy, sudden repell'd,
Would sadly, soon, a rapid torrent raise,
O'erwhelming reason with its force. Say, then,
Will not the feeling heart rejoice to learn
That Edward soon will come, more fond, more kind,
Than e'er her fondest hopes had dar'd to wish?
Soon shall their meeting ratify their vows,
And bind them in more lasting chains of Love!

Exulting, now, the mother views her son
Return'd, triumphant: each slow fading sense
Revives with energetic power: she hangs,
With looks of pride and joy, o'er his lov'd form;
Whose dawning beauties, tarnish'd, not obscur'd,
By honest toil, approach to manhood firm.
In each dear lineament she views---and, as
She gazes, tears bedim her sight---the well
Remember'd image of his father!---Past
Endearments rush upon her thoughts---she sinks
Beneath the crush of recollection; breathes
A pray'r for him, her only earthly care---
Expires!---and joins her kindred soul in Heav'n.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

These are but homespun scenes; an abler pen
Might paint, in striking colours, all the good
That PEACE may yield to Britain's commerce; or,
With keen politic skill, explore the maze
Of speculative traffic, past my pow'r.
To Genius more profound, that task I leave;
And only seek to trace plain Nature through
Those walks, where both my heart, and even
Eye, can follow joyful; and for this good
My soul expands with gratitude, sublime,
To the Supreme Distributor above;
While his adopted agent claims our praise,
As influenc'd by Him---the PRINCE of PEACE!

ELINOR.

LINES,

Sent from a Boy of Seven Years of Age to a Young Lady, with a Nosegay.

MY lovely ANNETTE
Accept this bouquet*---
I cannot send riches or pelf:
Seven years but disclose
Youth's fresh op'ning rose;
But, when twenty, I'll give you---myself.

PHILIDOR.

THE FOUR SENSATIONS.

GRIEF.

BY pride and lordly pow'r oppress,
The lost Bellario stands;
In frantic mood he strikes his breast,
And lifts his trembling hands.
Cold damps bedew his aching brow,
No comfort doth his bosom know,
For all is dark within;
"Oh! God," impatiently he cries,
"Shall Mis'ry's tear still dim these eyes,
"Nor thy dread thunders fall, to crush the pow'r of Sin!"

HOPE.

But, lo! his features change their hue,
His features with delight expand;
For "fabling Hope" appears in view,
With radiant form, and visage bland.
"Avert," she cries, "that vacant stare---
"Thy woes with temp'rate courage bear;
"In me, thy guardian, consciously rely:
"Dost thou not see, thro' yonder glade,
"Lov'd Happiness, the meek-ey'd Maid,
"Advance; while Fear and Anguish from her presence fly?"

---

* From a Boy of Seven Years old, we may excuse this false Pronunciation of a French word.

CONFI-

CONFIDENCE.

Now sweet reflection once again
  Illumes the mourner's breast;
He feels a short release from pain---
  His griefs are lull'd in transient rest;
For Hope hath charm'd Despair away,
And fill'd his soul with visions gay---
  In future scenes he looks for bliss:
Anticipation's hours are sweet;
He longs the welcome friend to greet,
  To clasp the willing hand, and beg lov'd Beauty's kiss.

JOY.

But who can paint his sparkling eyes,
  The flush of joy upon his cheeks,
When grim Misfortune quickly flies,
  And yields him what he eager seeks?
Well pleas'd, he chants the joyful strain,
His fingers strike the lyre again,
  And Memory scorns each care;
Loud Echo still the sound repeats---
The Minstrel's heart with rapture beats,
  As each revolving note flies thro' the length'ning air.

S. W.

October, 1801.

FROM GUARINI.

MA se muta se' tu, sien gli occhi nostri
  Loquaci, e caldi; e'n lor le sue profonde
Piaghe, e l' interno duol descopa il core.
Non e se chiuso o si segreto ardore
Ch'un cigho a l'altro no'l riveli o mostri
La dove amor vera eloquenza asconde.

☞ A Translation is requested.

SONG.

Tune---" My aine kind dearie."*

THE wind blows cold o'er Codach's point;
The tempest howls; the lightnings glance.
This hour the broods of hell appoint
To join the warlocks† mystic dance;
While rattling thunders hoarsely roll,
And loud the foaming surges roar,
Each blast with terror strikes my soul,
And whispers " William is no more."

Ye wraithes,‡ that fill the void with moans,
Ah! say, if all my joys are past;
Still, still, I hear your answ'ring groans,
Still howls the demon of the blast.
But see, but see, that aëry form!---
'Tis William's spirit from the wave;
No hope can now this bosom warm---
I go to seek his wat'ry grave!

HENRY K. WHITE.

Nottingham.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

WHEN thirst for fame the bosom fires,
Glory bids her banner wave,
And the heart that Love inspires
Dares the front of danger brave;
But, if Love and Glory meet,
Alas! for Glory---Love's more sweet.

When Friendship, in life's chequer'd day,
Soothes and calms the troubled breast;
How sweet, beneath her cheering ray,
For the mourner's soul to rest!
But, if Love and Friendship meet,
Alas! for Friendship---Love's more sweet.

---

* This song is adapted to the tune by singing each four lines twice over. It should be played in a soft plaintive manner.

† Scottish for witches. ‡ Spirits.

SOLUTION

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA AND CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Enigma—Sigh.
Charade I.—Rain-bow.
------II.—Mar-ten.

NEW CHARADE.

WHEN affection expandeth the heart
Towards an object deservedly dear,
And Fate has decreed them to part,
Then my First is inclin'd to draw near.

Yet the feelings are not then display'd
By the crystalline dew of the eye;
Nor are they in murmurs array'd,
Or express'd by the half-broken sigh.

Though these symptoms of grief may be seen,
My First by an act is disclos'd;
And, again, it is but a machine,
By which dulness or wit are expos'd.

My Second is numbers combin'd,
Who frequently plunder our stores;
My Whole, by coercion, will bind,
And is the disgrace of our shores.

CHARADE II.

MY First describeth a semblance,
An equality firmly allied;
My Second to strength bears resemblance,
And my Whole is a scriptural guide.

Correspondence, &c.

THE elegant Stanzas to an Absent Sister, *in p.* 357 *of our last Number, were copied by us from a Provincial Newspaper. We have since learned, that they are the production of Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, of Stockton-upon-Tees.*

The Dreamer *is reserved for our next Number, with which will commence the Eighth Volume of this Work.*

Some other Articles are postponed, because they could not be brought to a conclusion *in this Volume.*

B. J. S—— *is hereby informed, that we have no reason to doubt the* Stanzas to Laura *being the production of the Correspondent whose name and residence are affixed to them.*

The Series of Papers on the Passions, *alluded to by* N. R., *will, we doubt not, be acceptable.*

N. Bentley *in our next. Its length alone has precluded it from our present Number.*

Severn Vale *is received, and shall have place next month. We are flattered by the attentions, and our Readers owe much to the indefatigable industry, of the amiable Writer of this, and numerous other Articles of our Work, that rank high in the public estimation.*

Marcia *and* Carolus *will, we dare say, be able to write what will better please the poetical ear, after a little more practice.*

If B. M., *of Woolwich,* will *take so much unnecessary trouble in sending us what she mistakes for Poetry, we must beg that she will, in future, pay the Postage.* Eightpence *a sheet for* fool'scap *is too high a price for waste-paper.*

M. M., *of Shrewsbury, appears, by her orthography, &c., to have been educated in the same school with* B. M. *Really these Writers should be more tender of thus exposing themselves to ridicule, and us to expense,* without either rhyme or reason.

The Writer of an Address to Peace *is requested to read the two Paragraphs that immediately precede this.*

ERRATUM.

Page 258, *line* 2 *from bottom, for* she, *read* we.

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